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THE IMPERIAL TOURISTS.

Tour of Their Imperial Highnesses the Archdukes John and Lewis of Austria.

THE Cathedral of Litchfield, where we arrived on the 9th of November 1815, is built in the most ancient style: in this cathedral there is a monument of the celebrated Garrick. From Litchfield the road lies along the side of the great canal, through a beautiful valley. This canal crosses the river Trent, over which it is conducted by means of a brick bridge (or aqueduct) supported by twelve arches.

At Derby we halted: the town lies upon the river Derwent, at the foot of the mountains which form the north side of the county of Derby, and all containing mines. Of the five churches in this town, that of All Saints is admired on account of its steeple, which was built in the reign of Henry VIII. and, as we were informed, is 178 feet in height. We examined a silk mill, which is remarkable, as being the first that was erected in England. John Lombe, the person who erected it, had travelled to Italy for the purpose of procuring drawings and models of the very ingenious and complicated machines which are employed in that country. In the year 1716 he obtained a patent for fourteen years. This mill furnishes three or four hundred weight of spun silk per week, and employs between two and three hundred workmen.

In Derby there are many warehouses of the beautiful vases, candlesticks, lamps, &c. which are made of spar: a white calcareous stone, which is found about three miles from Derby, is used for similar purposes: Brown's warehouse for these articles appeared to us the most complete. The utensils and ornaments of dark blue spar were particularly beautiful. Some were shewn to us, consisting of a single piece, and which are fifteen inches in height, and nine or ten inches in diameter. The most beautiful pieces, of a dark blue, inclining to violet, are not quite of their natural colour, but are changed by the operation of heat.

After spar is sawed, the vessels are turned upon the lathe, with steel tools. A steam engine sets in motion four

large sawing machines, as well as the various turning lathes.

The iron foundry produces founder's work of every kind. Steam engines are also manufactured here, the action of each of which is calculated to produce the effect of the labour of the number of horses, whose place it is to supply. The prices of these engines are as follows:

Of one horse power	- - 100 <i>l.</i> sterling
— two ditto	- - - - 170 <i>l.</i>
— three ditto	- - - - 220 <i>l.</i>
— four ditto	- - - - 270 <i>l.</i>

From this foundry we went to a manufactory of porcelain. The paste (or clay) is good; but the painting is very indifferent. The colours, with the exception of the blue, are not at all beautiful. The lathe is set in motion by a large wheel, moved by a child: this is advantageous to the workman who gives the form, because, not being obliged to tread with his foot, he can hold faster, and work with greater certainty and accuracy.

Two canals unite at Derby, and pour their waters into the Derwent. We left the town on the 10th. The country becomes more and more irregular. The eminences are entirely cultivated. At a pretty village, the road divides into two branches, one of which leads to Belper, the other to Wirksworth. We took the latter. It continually ascends, and the country becomes gradually more barren. Here, as well as in other parts of England, we meet men on horseback, with women sitting behind them, on a saddle contrived for the purpose. In the neighbourhood of Wirksworth, the openings of the mines are to be seen on all the surrounding hills.

The lead-mines in the county of Derby produce annually five or six thousand tons. In many of them the lead is mixed with calamine, which is separated in reverberatory furnaces, then calcined, pounded and washed.

In a valley near Cromford, we were shewn a great cotton mill, which was erected by Sir Richard Arkwright in 1792. It was he who first introduced into England the great cotton mills, and led to the flourishing state of this branch of industry.

In the neighbourhood of Matlock we saw a spring, which possesses the property of covering things that are dipped in it, in the space of six minutes, with a calcareous crust. The water is lukewarm, being of the temperature of 68 degrees of Fahrenheit. The proprietor of the spring, which is in a cavern that is closed up, has built a shed, or hut, near it, in which the incrustated things are sold; they consist of eggs, little baskets, skulls of animals, birds' nests, &c. The sale of them is considerable, especially to the company who come to take the waters at Matlock. The crust which thus covers the articles put into the water, is of a brown colour. The warm springs at Matlock were discovered in the seventeenth century. There are three bathing houses, and sufficient room for four hundred persons.

We went down into the celebrated cavern, known by the name of *Cumberland's Cavern*. It did not appear to us very interesting, except for mineralogists, who visit it with a hammer in their hands, and make a rich collection of crystallizations of spar, &c. We were told that finer specimens were to be found in *Rutland's Cavern*, on the other side of Matlock. They have lately discovered in it, copper combined with vitriol. In Matlock, as well as Derby, there are magazines of Spar-vases. That of Messrs. Brown and Mawe contains an uncommonly beautiful collection of these articles. We saw here specimens of the newly discovered varieties of the red spar. We were informed that Mr. Mawe is one of the first mineralogists in England: he has written a work on the minerals of Derbyshire.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Humboldt's Personal Narrative.

(Continued.)

M. de Humboldt and his friend having visited the convent of Caripe, one of the finest situations in these tropical regions, thence took an excursion to a celebrated cavern, called the *Cueva del*

Guacharo, of which a highly picturesque description is given.

"The *Cueva del Guacharo* is pierced in the vertical profile of a rock. The entrance is toward the south, and forms a vault eighty feet broad, and seventy-two feet high. . . . The rock that surmounts the grotto is covered with trees of gigantic height. The mammee tree, and the genipa, with large and shining leaves, raise their branches vertically toward the sky; while those of the courbaril and the erythrina form, as they extend themselves, a thick vault of verdure. Plants of the family of pothos, with succulent stems, oxalises, and orchideae of a singular structure (a dendrobium, with a golden flower, spotted with black, three inches long), rise in the driest clefts of the rock; while creeping plants, waving in the winds, are interwoven in festoons before the opening of the cavern. We distinguished in these festoons a bignonia of a violet blue, the purple dolichos, and, for the first time, that magnificent solandra (seandens), the orange flower of which has a fleshy tube, more than four inches long. The entrance of grottoes, like the view of cascades, derive their principal charm from the situation, more or less majestic, in which they are placed, and which in some sort determines the character of the landscape. What a contrast between the *Cueva of Caripe*, and those caverns of the north crowned with oaks and gloomy larch-trees!

"But this luxury of vegetation embellishes not only the outside of the vault: it appears even in the vestibule of the grotto. We saw with astonishment plantain-leaved heliconias eighteen feet high, and arborescent arums, follow the banks of the river, even to those subterranean places. The vegetation continues in the cave of Caripe, as in those deep crevices of the Andes, half excluded from the light of day, and does not disappear, till, advancing in the interior, we reach thirty or forty paces from the entrance. We measured the way by means of a cord: and we went on about 430 feet, without being obliged to light our torches. Daylight penetrates even into this region, because the grotto forms but one single channel, which keeps the same direction, from south-east to north-west. Where the light begins to fail, we heard from afar the hoarse sounds of the nocturnal birds; sounds which the natives think belong exclusively to those subterranean places.

"The guacharo is of the size of our fowls, has the mouth of the goat-sucker and procnias, and the port of those vultures, the crooked beak of which is surrounded with stiff silky hairs. Suppressing with M. Cuvier, the order of pisee, we must refer this extraordinary bird to the passerres, the genera of which are connected with each other by almost imperceptible transitions. . . . It forms a new genus, very different from the goat-sucker, by the force of its voice, by the considerable strength of its beak, containing a double

tooth, by its feet without the membranes, that unite the anterior phalanges of the claws. It is the first example of a nocturnal bird among the *passeres dentirostrati*. In its manners it has analogies both to the goat-sucker and the alpine-crow.

The plumage of the guacharo is of a dark bluish gray, mixed with small streaks and specks of black. Large white spots, which have the form of a heart, and which are bordered with black, mark the head, the wings, and the tail. The eyes of the bird are hurt by the blaze of day; they are blue, and smaller than those of the goat-suckers. The spread of the wings, which are composed of seventeen or eighteen quill feathers, is three feet and a half. The guacharo quits the cavern at nightfall, especially when the moon shines. It is almost the only frugiferous nocturnal bird that is yet known; the conformation of its feet sufficiently shows, that it does not hunt like our owls. It feeds on very hard fruits. . . . It is difficult to form an idea of the horrible noise occasioned by thousands of these birds in the dark part of the cavern. . . . The Indians shewed us the nests of these birds, by fixing torches to the end of a long pole. These nests were fifty or sixty feet high above our heads, in holes in the shape of funnels, with which the roof of the grotto is pierced like a sieve.

"The Indians enter into the *Cueva del Guacharo* once a year, near Midsummer, armed with poles, by means of which they destroy the greater part of the nests. At this season several thousands of birds are killed; and the old ones, as if to defend their brood, hover over the heads of the Indians, uttering terrible cries. The young which fall to the ground, are opened on the spot. Their peritoneum is extremely loaded with fat, and a layer of fat reaches from the abdomen to the anus, forming a kind of cushion between the legs of the bird. . . . At the period which is commonly called at Caripe the oil harvest, the Indians build huts with palm leaves, near the entrance, and even in the porch of the cavern. There, with a fire of brushwood, they melt in pots of clay the fat of the young birds just killed. This fat is known by the name of butter, or oil, (*manteeca*, or *aveite*) of the guacharo. It is half liquid, transparent, without smell, and so pure, that it may be kept above a year without becoming rancid. At the convent of Caripe no other oil is used in the kitchen of the monks, but that of the cavern; and we never observed that it gave the aliments a disagreeable taste or smell. The quantity of this oil collected, little corresponds with the carnage made every year in the grotto by the Indians. It appears that they do not get above 150 or 160 bottles (60 cubic inches each) of very pure *manteeca*; the rest, less transparent, is preserved in large earthen vessels. This branch of industry reminds us of the harvest of pigeon's oil, of which some thousands of barrels were formerly collected in Carolina.

When the crops and gizzards of the

young birds are opened in the cavern, they are found to contain all sorts of hard and dry fruits, which furnish, under the singular name of guacharo seed, *semilla del guacharo*, a very celebrated remedy against intermittent fevers. The old birds carry these seeds to their young. They are carefully collected, and sent to the sick at Carico, and other places in the low regions, where fevers are prevalent."

We have extracted, nearly at length, the history of this remarkable bird, and cannot quote the details of the advance, 1458 feet into the cavern, where there is a subterraneous rivolet, as if every thing conspired to complete this South American Tartarus, with its Phlegethon and Stygian birds. Nor are superstitions wanting: it was with difficulty the travellers could get the Indians to proceed so far into the interior, where they held that the ghosts of their fathers and evil spirits resided. "Mun (said they) should avoid places which are neither enlightened by the sun (*Zis*), nor by the moon (*Nuna*). To go and join the guacharos is their phrase for dying, and going to rejoin their ancestors; and as beyond the distance we have mentioned, nothing would induce them to penetrate, the Europeans were obliged to return. Nor can we wonder at their resolution, or rather want of resolution; for even at this depth, a strange sort of vegetation has sprung up from the seeds dropped by the birds. Blanched stalks, and half-formed leaves, growing to the height of two feet—pale and disfigured vegetables, unlike those on the "upper earth," presented a sufficiently spectral appearance to confirm their opinions that nothing natural existed here. It is recorded at the convent, however, that a Bishop of St. Thomas went more than a thousand feet further; perhaps the natives thought themselves safer with a Roman Catholic bishop than with Protestant heretics, in such quarters."

M. de Humboldt, ever deducing scientific information from his remarks on natural phenomena, enters into a geological inquiry into the nature of caverns, of which very few are exhibited in primitive formations. These he divides into three distinct classes, according to their configuration: first, those having the form of large clefts, or crevices, like veins not filled with ore: second, those which form galleries through rocks or mountains, and are open at each end: and third, those (the most common) which have a suc-

cession of cavities, placed nearly on the same level, in the same direction, and communicating with each other by passages of greater or less breadth. He inquires into the causes of these varieties, and discovers them in the different actions of volcanic fires, guses, and water. He also demonstrates the nature of the rocks, &c. in which they are generally found. To this curious and interesting investigation is super-added one still more important, as an universal physiological problem, raised on the determination of the temperatures of these grottoes, and helping to elucidate the grand proposition respecting the temperature of the interior of this globe which we inhabit. Data are much wanted for this great meteorological inquiry, seeing that man can penetrate but a very little way into the stony strata that form the crust of our planet. Comparing his observations in the southern hemisphere, with those made by Von Buch and Wahlenburg under the polar circle, M. de Humboldt puts the hypothesis, that the earth and air continually tend to an equilibrium of temperature, and that the cold which perpetually reigns in the abysses of the equinoctial ocean, is the effect of polar currents rushing to contribute to the diminution of the temperature of the earth under the tropics. The whole of this theory is well worth the attention of philosophical minds.

At the convent our travellers passed a pleasant time, enriching their botanical collection; and we may take this occasion to say, that the intelligence scattered through the volume, respecting this delightful branch of natural history, is infinite: it defies abridgment, in a publication so various and limited as the *Literary Gazette*, and, therefore, though our notices must be only incidental, we cannot refrain from making this general statement to the honour of the authors, and for the information of the lovers of botany among our readers. From wandering through the forests, they sometimes attended the *doctrina* of the monks, that is to say, the religious instruction of the Indians. But, unfortunately, the holy fathers, like Gollownin's Kurile interpreter in Japan (see page 19 of our present volume) are almost totally ignorant of the Chayma language; and as the Indians have a very imperfect knowledge of the Spanish, whimsical mistakes often occur between them and their teachers. The following is an instance.

"I beheld a missionary violently agitated in proving that *inferno*, hell, and *invierno*, winter, were not the same thing; but that they were as different as heat and cold. The Chaymas are acquainted with no other winter than the season of rains; and the *hell* of the whites appeared to them a place where the wicked are exposed to frequent showers. The missionary harranged to no purpose: it was impossible to efface the first impressions produced by the analogy between the two consonants; and he could not separate in the minds of the Neophytes the ideas of *rain* and *hell*, *invierno* and *inferno*."

From Caripe the travellers descended again by a complete ravine of dreadful steepness towards the coast; but here having extended our remarks sufficiently for a single Number, we shall take our leave of them till next week.

Account of a Voyage of Discovery to the West Coast of Corea, and the great Loo-Choo Island, &c. By Captain BASIL HALL, Royal Navy, F.R.S. &c. &c.

Of the many interesting works which the fecund press of England has enabled us, within twelve months, to bring under the cognizance of our readers, there is not one upon which we could bestow more unqualified praise than upon the present. The subject is curious and agreeable; the manner in which it is treated, gentlemanly and scholar-like: to a pleasant narrative, is added much scientific observation; and the whole production shews us how much an acute and intelligent mind may achieve in a short space of time, and how quickly information is acquired, despite of every obstacle of customs, language, and situation, by a cultivated understanding. The delightful picture of the people of Loo Choo, to whom the curses of money and of war are unknown; who have neither gold to stimulate avarice, nor steel to do the bloody business of ambition, is touched with a master's pencil, and while we read these pages, it seems to us as if we were refreshing ourselves in a real Utopia, and wandering through an Arcadia which existed out of the sphere of poetic fiction—more pleasant than ever poet feigned.

We would not detain those whose curiosity this exordium may excite, from the extracts, by which we mean to prove its justice; but we cannot proceed without paying a tribute of warm applause to the conduct of Captain Murray of the *Alceste*, and of the

author of this volume, in their intercourse with the natives. It is truly gratifying to contemplate well-informed and noble-minded British naval officers, by every act supporting, not only their individual characters, but the character of the high profession to which they belong; and not only the fame of that profession, but the honour and dignity of their native country. Such appears to us to have been the course pursued by the meritorious officers to whom we have alluded, and to whose deserved laurels, even so humble a public acknowledgment as this is, will do no wrong, when we simply say, that where men like them convey an impression of our national manners and feelings to unknown regions, Britain has every reason to be satisfied with the respect and esteem their representation must inspire.

Captain Hall sets out with an account of the visit to the Korean coast, after landing the Chinese Embassy, and devotes one chapter to this part of the voyage, avoiding the repetition of any of the matters described in the preceding publication of Mr. McLeod. There is also a short introduction, doing justice to the assistance of Lieut. H. I. Clifford, whose talents and diligence are displayed in a marked way, in a copious appendix, of eminent utility to the navigator, and the philologist.

We have rather a more particular account of the inhospitable natives of Sir James Hall's group than we had before,* and of the old Korean chief, whose childish simplicity and tribulation, at once amuse and affect us. The attempts made to procure a mutual understanding, and the horrors of the poor chief when the British land, thereby putting his responsible head in jeopardy, are excellently described; and we shall select a passage illustrative of the lively style in which the narrative is couched.

"He (the chief) had not got much beyond the cabin-door, however, before the serenity of his temper was once more overturned. On passing the gun-room skylight he heard the voices of some of his people, whom the officers had taken below, and who were enjoying themselves very merrily amongst their new acquaintance. The old chief looked down, and observing them drinking and making a noise, he called to them in a loud passionate voice, which made them leave their glasses, and run up the ladder in great terror. From

* See *Literary Gazette*, Review of Mr. McLeod's work.

thence the alarm spread along the lower deck to the midshipmen's birth, where another party was carousing. The grog and wine, with which they had been entertained, was too potent for this party, as they did not seem to care much for the old chief, who, posting himself at the hatchway, ascertained, by personal examination, who the offenders were. On this occasion his little rod of office was of much use; he pushed the people about with it to make them speak, and used it to turn them round, in order to discover their faces. One man, watching his opportunity when the chief was punching away at somebody who had just come up, slipped past and ran off; but the quick eye of the old man was not so easily deceived, and he set off in chase of him round the quarter deck. The man had an apron full of biscuit, which had been given to him by the midshipmen; this impeded his running, so that the chief, notwithstanding his robes, at last came up with him; but while he was stirring him up with his rod, the fellow slipped his cargo of bread into a coil of rope, and then went along with the chief quietly enough. The old man came back afterwards, and found the biscuit, which he pointed out to us, to shew that it had not been taken away."

After another rummage for stray sheep, our chief concluded his first visit to a British ship. Another was productive of an equivoque which would be entertaining upon the stage.

"A person of rank, who accompanied the chief this morning, was asked into the cabin along with him, and was no sooner seated, than we observed that he had a very sickly look; which circumstance was the cause of a very curious mistake. It had been supposed, that the chief, during last night's conference, made allusion to some friend of his who was unwell; and accordingly, in our arrangements for the morning, it was proposed to take the doctors of both ships on shore, to visit him. As the chief had himself come on board, our plans for landing were interrupted, and we ascribed this early visit to his anxiety on account of his friend's health.

"It was therefore taken for granted, that this sickly looking companion of the chief, who, somehow or other, got the title of the 'Courtier,' amongst us, was the patient alluded to last night; and no sooner were the first compliments over in the cabin, than the doctor was sent for to prescribe. On his being introduced, the courtier was made to hold out his tongue, have his pulse felt, and submit to various interrogatories, the object of which the unfortunate man could not divine, particularly as there was nothing at all the matter with him. He submitted with so much patience to all these forms, and the chief looked on with such grave propriety, during all the examination, that they evidently considered the whole scene as a part of our ceremonial etiquette."

This was, we sincerely hope, the worst mistake which occurred between the parties; but we are not without apprehensions that the poor old chief would be decapitated after their departure, by his despotic master, for suffering what he could not hinder, the landing of our voyagers, to take a peep at his territories. This he opposed with all his might and cunning; but, disbelieving that any serious risk could result to him from their going on shore, our countrymen landed for a promenade. Nothing could console him when he found this was determined upon. Invited to dinner,—

"His only answer consisted in pointing to us, and making signs of eating, and then drawing his hand across his throat; by which he was understood to mean, that it might be very well for us to talk of eating, but, for his part, he was taken up with the danger of losing his head."

When they landed he was in tears, and very unhappy.

"In a few minutes a crowd, consisting of more than a hundred people, assembled round us, and we began to think we should pay dearly for our curiosity. But the poor old man had no thoughts of vengeance, and was no better pleased with the crowd than we were; for turning to his soldiers, he desired them to disperse the mob, which they did in a moment, by pelting them with great stones. The chief now began to cry violently, and turning towards the village, walked away, leaning his head on the shoulder of one of his people. As he went along, he not only sobbed and wept, but every now and then bellowed aloud."

They again tried to comfort him, but in vain.

"The old man made a long speech in reply; in the course of which the beheading sign was frequently repeated. It is curious that he invariably held his hands towards his throat after he had gone through this motion, and appeared to wash his hands in his blood: probably he did this in imitation of some ceremony used at executions."

Leaving the venerable Corean to his fate, our ships threaded the way for upwards of a hundred miles among islands, lying in immense clusters in every direction, and varying in size from a few hundred yards in length, to five or six miles. As far as the eye could reach, they saw, from the mast head, other groups, to which there appeared to be no visible termination. Most of the isles are inhabited, wooded, and cultivated, in the valleys, as well as the sides of the hills, with millet, and a species of bean. At several the Expe-

dition touched, and almost invariably found the natives timid, incurious, and jealous. Their dwellings are mean and inconvenient. The animals noticed, were a small breed of bullocks, very fat, and dogs: pigeons, hawks, and eagles, and few small birds. Crows were very numerous.

From one point as many as 120 to 170 of the islands, which compose this wonderful archipelago, were counted. The Chinese written character is understood by the natives; but as our voyagers neither remained long enough among them to cultivate an intimacy, nor possessed this means of communication, their remarks are consequently of less value than they would otherwise have been. At Loo-Choo, having steered their course thither, their observations are infinitely more attractive, and thither, in our next Number, we mean to accompany them.

An Excursion to Windsor, in July 1810; a Sail from Maidstone to Rochester and the Nore. By John Evans, A.M. To which is annexed, a Journal of a Trip to Paris, in Autumn, 1816. By John Evans, Jun. A.M. 12mo. pp. 558.

If any body ever pitied critics by profession, which nobody ever does—for professed critics are unfortunately better known by their stings than their honey—we are sure we should sometimes have our lot compassionated. This plaint we utter now, not because this volume is one of those cheerless tomes which repay our labours with no fruit, but sheerly because it is so multifarious and various as fairly to distract us. We know not where or how to begin—the very title page is a bill of fare, which would take up one of our columns, and every succeeding page is an anecdote or tale, and the whole book a medley of that entertaining gossip, drawn from much reading, and a general turn for observation, which it is utterly impossible to digest into the shape of a critical analysis. We shall quote the title to one of the twelve letters of which the excursion to Windsor consists, and from this leave our readers to guess the sort of amusement they may expect from Mr. Evans's tour.

"Biography of Horace Walpole, latterly Lord Orford; Story of Chatterton, and his melancholy exit; curious Epistle of Lord Orford to a Lady; his great love of Painting; his Sermon on Painting, delivered at

Houghton; Shee's delineation of a Painter; Anecdotes of Benjamin West; his early genius, and singular setting apart to the profession; Little Strawberry Hill; Mrs. Katherine Clive; her History, Monument, and Epitaph; Excursions of the Corporation of London on the Thames; the Swans on the Thames; Swans noticed by Homer, Horace, and Virgil; their dying Strains; Smile by Doddridge; Band of Gypsies, with remarks on their food and habits; Teddington; its rural situation; its Church; Dr. Stephen Hales, History and Anecdotes of; Hope of a future Life; General Resurrection of the Dead."

Twelve times this copious index, as Mr. Evans, who is, we understand, a very respectable teacher at Islington, well knows, will make a sum total of biographical, historical, literary, anecdotal, instructing, classical, traditional, poetical, and amusing matter, which cannot fail to offer a fund of light reading for the use of desultory rambles in the fields of letters. And his work deserves precisely this character. There is a great deal in it, drawn from all kinds of sources, and compiled without much regard to the novelty of the subjects. As a melange, extracted from the little theatre, comprehended in his travels, and the persons, ancient and modern, who have appeared thereon, it may serve to while away a vacant hour, and what is still more praise-worthy, we are glad to say, that as it is addressed to youth, it may be safely perused by youth, and afford much gratification without injury to morals, though there are a few passages which we could wish expunged.

The account of the King's walking upon the terrace at Windsor (July 1810) may terminate this notice, not only as deeply interesting in itself, and possessing greater originality than most of the narrative, but also as affording a fair specimen of the author's style and manner.

"It was seven o'clock, and the good old King soon made his appearance, with his accustomed punctuality. A little door in the castle was thrown open, when two attendants were seen leading this venerable personage with great care down a flight of steps, till he safely alighted upon the terrace. Then the Princesses Elizabeth and Augusta, who were present, accompanied him, one on each side, or rather took hold of his arm; they paced backwards and forwards for an hour, two bands of music playing alternately; the fine tones of the several instruments being heightened by the stillness of the closing day. The king was dressed neatly; blue coat with gilt buttons

and star, white waistcoat and small-clothes, white stockings, and gold buckles in his shoes. His hat somewhat resembled that worn by the clergy, with the addition of a gold button and loop, mounted by a black cockade, which marks him out conspicuously from the rest of the company. His Majesty looked ruddy and full; his voice sonorous, and he converses with cheerfulness, though, when he attempts to speak rather hastily, it is with hesitation. His want of sight is very apparent, for his hat is drawn over the upper part of his face, and he feels about with his cane, especially ascending or descending a step. It is affecting to see him, though he appears cheerful when he speaks, and seems as if nothing was the matter with him. He now and then stops, to converse either with the officers, or with the nobility and gentry. . . . This daily promenade must benefit both his mind and body, while the presence, as well as the attention of so many of his subjects, some coming from distant parts, must yield him no inconsiderable gratification. The countenances of the princesses are replete with good-nature, and most exemplary is their attention to their aged parent. This indeed is their best praise, their noblest recommendation. Filial piety is the characteristic attribute of humanity. It sheds a lustre upon all the other virtues which enrich and adorn the great family of mankind. It should be remarked, that the King, in returning back to his apartments in the castle, passing by the band of musicians on the steps, always touched his hat, and said, in an audible voice, 'Gentlemen, good night, I thank you.' Indeed his Majesty, during the whole time, seemed in perfect good-humour with all the company."

We cannot spare room for further observation. The foreign tour is the unassuming and ingenuous production of a youthful traveller, who first exchanges home for foreign manners; and the work altogether a very agreeable miscellany.

Letters from the Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq. from 1736 to 1770. 4to. pp. 446.

A new collection of the correspondence of a person so celebrated as Horace Walpole, cannot fail to be a great treat to the public. These letters are addressed to the son of General Montagu, and nephew of the second Earl of Halifax, who was the representative of Northampton, private secretary to Lord North when Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the holder of several other official situations. He seems also to have been a man of refined mind, and elegant literary acquirements; an intimate and suitable friend for Lord Orford.

The style, as might be anticipated, is easy and playful, and the epistles full of piquant anecdotes. *Ex. gr.*

"I remember a very admired sentence in one of my Lord Chesterfield's speeches, when he was haranguing for this war; (anno 1745). With a most rhetorical transition, he turned to the tapestry in the House of Lords, and said with a sigh, he feared there were no historical looms at work now!" (page 14.)

"Now I have been talking of remarkable periods in our annals, I must tell you what my Lord Baltimore thinks one:—He said to the Prince t'other day, 'Sir, your Royal Highness's marriage will be an *area* in English history.' (*ibid.*)

"Of beauty I can tell you an admirable story: One Mrs. Comyns, an elderly gentleman, has lately taken a house in St. James's Street; some young gentlemen went there t'other night;—'Well, Mrs. Comyns, I hope there won't be the same disturbances here, that were at your other house in Air Street.'—'Lord, Sir, I never had any disturbances there. mine was as quiet a house as any in the neighbourhood, and a great deal of company came to me: it was only the ladies of quality that envied me.'—'Envied you! Why your house was pulled down about your ears.'—'Oh dear Sir! don't you know how that happened?'—'No, pray how?'—'Why, dear Sir, it was my lady —, who gave ten guineas to the mob to demolish my house, because her ladyship fancied I got women for Colonel Conway.' (page 15.)

"I have heard nothing of A—T—'s (Augustus Townsend's) will; my lady, who you know hated him, came from the opera t'other night, and on pulling off her gloves, and finding her hands all black, said immediately, 'My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.' (page 26.)

"Should I not condole with you upon the death of the head of the *Cues* (John Duke of Montagu). If you have not heard of his will, I will tell you. . . . There are two codicils, one in favour of his servants, and the other of his dogs, cats, and creatures, which was a little unnecessary, for Lady Cardigan has exactly his turn for saving every thing's life. As he was making the codicil, one of his cats jumped on his knee; 'What,' says he, 'have you a mind to be a witness too! You can't, for you are a party concerned.' (page 66.)

"I hear your friend Lord N— is wedded; somebody said, it is very hot weather to marry so fat a bride; George Selwyn replied, 'Oh, she was kept in ice three days before.' (page 78.)

"I shall only tell you a bon-mot of Keith's, the marriage-broker, and conclude. 'G—d—n the Bishops,' said he, (I beg Miss Montagu's pardon), 'so they will hinder my marrying. Well, let 'em, but I'll be revenged: I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and by G—d I'll *under-bury* them all.' (page 103.)

"My Lord D—h is going to marry a

fortune, I forget her name; my Lord G— asked him how long the *honey-moon* would last? He replied, 'Don't tell me of the honey-moon; it is *harvest-moon* with me.'

"We have had a sort of debate in the House of Commons on the bill for fixing the augmentation of the salaries of the judges. Charles Townsend says, the book of *Judges* was saved by the book of *Numbars*."

"My Lady Coventry shewed George Selwyn her clothes; they are blue, with spots of silver of the size of a shilling, and a silver trimming, and cost—my Lord will know what. She asked George how he liked them: he replied, Why, you will be change for a guinea." (page 181.)

But this may suffice for the present, as a specimen of the Walpoliana. The whole book is full of bon-mots; many of them exceedingly scandalous, and others written in so free a style, that we cannot transcribe them. If ever there was a companion to Bubb Doddington's celebrated Diary, it is in this volume. There is the same licence, the same acquaintance with the intrigues, &c. of the higher ranks; and there is infinitely more point and wit. It is to be regretted, that some of the passages, where libertinism is most nakedly exposed, have not been struck out. We say nothing of the way in which the court of King George II. is handled, nor of the unsparing severity with which all are treated, from the King upon his throne, to the lowest courier. The satire is biting. Many anecdotes are told of the commencement of the reign of our present King, which exhibit his Majesty in the most amiable point of view, and are now deeply interesting. Occasional notices of the arts and artists add to the spirit of the work, and are at once curious and entertaining. These will supply us with matter for future extracts; and in the interim we shall copy a few affecting particulars of the trials and conduct of the Scotch lords in 1746.

"Poor brave old Balmerino retracted his plea, asked pardon, and desired the Lords to intercede for mercy. As he returned to the Tower, he stopped the coach at Charing Cross to buy honey-blobs, as the Scotch call gooseberries. He says he is extremely afraid Lord Kilmarnock will not behave well. The Duke (Cumberland) said publicly at his levee, that the latter proposed murdering the English prisoners."

"Lady Cromartie presented her petition to the King last Sunday. He was very civil to her, but would not at all give her any hopes. She swooned away as soon as he was gone. Lord Cornwallis told me that her Lord weeps every time any thing of his fate has been mentioned to him. Old Balme-

rino keeps up his spirits to the same pitch of gaiety. In the cell at Westminster he shewed Lord Kilmarnock how he must lay his head; bid him not wince, lest the stroke should cut his skull or his shoulders; and advised him to bite his lips. As they were to return, he begged they might have another bottle together, as they should never meet any more, till ———, and then pointing to his neck. At getting into the coach he said to the jailer, 'Take care or you will break my shins with this damned axe.'

"I must tell you a bon-mot of George Selwyn's at the trial. He saw Bethel's sharp visage looking wistfully at the rebel Lords: he said, 'What a shame it is to turn her face to the prisoners till they are condemned.'

"If you have a mind for a true foreign idea, one of the foreign ministers said at the trial to another, '*Vraiment cela est auguste*.' 'Oui,' replied the other, '*cela est vrai, mais cela n'est pas royale*.'

"I am assured that the old Countess of Errol made her son, Lord Kilmarnock, go into the rebellion on pain of disinheriting him. I don't know whether I told you that the man at the Tennis Court protests he has known him dine with the man that sells pamphlets at Story's Gate; and, says he, he would often have been glad if I would have taken him home to dinner. He was certainly so poor, that in one of his wife's intercepted letters she tells him she has plagued their steward for a fortnight for money, and can get but three shillings. Can one help pitying such distress? I am vastly softened too about Balmerino's relapse, for his pardon was only granted him to engage his brother's vote at the election of Scotch Peers

— August 16. I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look. Old Lovat arrived last night. I saw Murray, Lord Derwentwater, Lord Traquair, Lord Cromartie and his son, and the Lord Provost, at their respective windows. The other two wretched Lords are in dismal towers; and they have stopped up one of old Balmerino's windows, because he talked to the populace; and now he has only one that looks directly upon all the scaffolding. They brought in the death-warrant at his dinner. His wife fainted. He said, 'Lieutenant, with your damned warrant you have spoiled my Lady's stomach.' Lord Kilmarnock, who has hitherto kept up his spirits, grows extremely terrified."

(To be continued.)

A Poem on the Death of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, &c.
By the Rev. R. KENNEDY, A.M.
Minister of St. Paul's Chapel, Birmingham. 8vo. pp. 42.

We have been reminded that we owed a notice to this poem, which there was

no danger of our forgetting; since in addition to being one of the most elaborate, it possesses the merit of being also one of the most beautiful effusions to which the death of the Princess Charlotte has led the British Muses. It is written in blank verse, with great felicity and sweetness of style, well befitting the sentiments, which are tender and elevated. The blended pathos and moral dignity pervading the whole, are deserving of high approbation; nor can we withhold the same meed from the patriotic touches which, here and there, so gracefully vary the expressive pouring forth of genuine feeling and philanthropy.

According to our practice, we shall make a few selections in support of the opinion we have ventured to pronounce, and without dwelling longer on the theme (which indeed would only be to repeat panegyrics) leave it to the public to decide, whether we are favourable, or merely just, in our applause. Take the following sketch of parental and conjugal affliction.

"Woe too is there, in the mind's depth, that
Nor sound, nor sign. What hand shall lift the
veil

Which hides parental grief, the childless fate
That finds no medicine in pomp or power,
The void of soul an empire cannot fill?
How would the feebleness of words but mock
The Husband's agony! who sitting now
In widow'd desolation, where so late
He own'd a paradise of nuptial bliss,
Feels all the love that warm'd his bosom there
Increase'd each moment by the madd'ning thought
That it is shar'd, and can be shar'd, no more;
That she o'er whom he bends, who lov'd him best
Of all on earth, and as a shape of Heaven's
Before him spoke and smil'd, is senseless clay;
That, when most prizing her, he would have
sham'd

His tenderest ways, by ways more tender still,
She knows it not, and never shall again
Return affection's pressure with the hand
Design'd to wield a sceptre, that dear hand,
Which gave him, with itself, a noble heart
That all earth's sceptres would have cheaply
bought."

The description of the nation's sorrowing is drawn with an equally effective pencil; but we pass it over for a rich poetical picture of domestic bliss.

"Domestic Bliss, that, like a harmless Dove,
(Honour and sweet Endearment keeping guard)
Can centre in a little quiet nest,
All that Desire would fly for thro' the earth;
That can, the world eluding, be itself
A world enjoy'd; that wants no witnesses
But its own sharers, and approving Heaven;
That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,
Smiles, though 'tis looking only at the sky;
Or, if it dwell where cultur'd grandeur abides,
And that which gives it being, high and bright,
Allures all eyes, yet its delight is drawn

From its own attributes and powers of growth,
Affections fair that blossom on its stem,
Kissing each other, and from cherish'd hope
Of lovely shoots, to multiply itself."

Three lines afford a striking simile
on the nature of sovereign power: it
is said that the studies of Her Royal
Highness taught her—

"To know that Majesty then greatest shews,
When, like the Sun, it smiles upon all eyes,
And sees all eyes reflecting it again!"—

And another happy comparison is drawn
from the same source—the perusal of
history.

"And thus her own, and her lov'd husband's
thoughts

She led to note whate'er in men or things
Was useful, wise, or glorious; as the bees
Wander with busy plume to make boot
On the field's flowery sweets, and store a hive
With honied treasure for the general weal.

After painting the life of harmony
and joy at Clermont, the poet thus
finely proceeds:

"'Twas thus they drank the cup of life together,
Making each sip as nectar to the taste,
And of more worth than Egypt's melted pearl,
No sweet a cup was theirs; but when they look'd,
With thirsting lips, to find it sweeter still,
Death dash'd it to the ground: for him who
shar'd

And made it sweet, 'twas hers to live no more.
'Twas his to read in her last dying gaze
All she to him, and he to her had been."

The poem finishes with a slightly al-
legorical view of the day of general hu-
miliation and prayer which the British
people adopted as the best mode of tes-
tifying their feelings on this calamitous
event. The import of their concordant
aspirations is given in an animated
strain; but we shall only copy the con-
cluding lines—a petition to Heaven in
behalf of our Prince and of our native
land.

"May the rest Father in our sympathies
Behold a people warm'd with filial love,
While in his sway, they own parental care.
Long may he live to see the reign of peace
Surpassing in true glory war's renown,
By bloodless proofs of virtue, skill, and power,
Gladd'ning his country with their blest efforts
By triumphs over ignorance and vice,
Conquering o'er all that darkens, or afflicts
The lot or mind of man; in present joy
Advancing mortal life's immortal ends."

To this we most sincerely say—Amen!

*The Pianoforte Primer; containing the
Fundamentals of Music: calculated either
for private tuition, or teaching in classes.*
By J. F. Burrowes.

The bustle that M. Logier's plan of
education has caused in the musical
world, has been attended with one
beneficial result—that of turning the
minds of many able professors to an
improved system of teaching. It ap-

pears that much time is lost at board-
ing-school, for want of a more general
plan; and that by dividing the pupils
into classes, and making some study
the theory, while others are engaged in
the practice, a considerable advance-
ment in knowledge might be made.
Among the advocates for an improved
system, Mr. Burrowes stands eminently
forward; and his "Primer" will be
read with avidity by every master who
is anxious for the improvement of his
pupils. The following is the outline of
the plan.

"The school to be divided into classes
by the master; one whole class to attend
at a time, with one pupil from the class
next above, as teacher. Each pupil to be
teacher in turn.

"The exercises are to be selected from
the Primer, or by making the pupils ex-
plain to the teacher the lesson about to be
played; both the time marked, and the
manner of counting it throughout; point-
ing out the notes from whence the fingers
are to be raised, those which are to be held
down, the reasons for fingering, &c. The
younger pupils to be attended in their daily
practice by the elder ones. After being
made thoroughly acquainted with the con-
tents of this book, the pupils may proceed
to the study of harmony, and the practice
of playing chords with figured basses."

The plan of question and answer has
been adopted, as a convenient mode of
setting lessons in the way of tasks to
the pupils. Among other curious and
original matter, it is suggested (page
34) that the easiest way of remember-
ing a fifth, is to observe, that all keys
have fifths, either sharp, flat, or two
natural, like themselves, except *B*,
which has *F* flat for its fifth, and *Bb*,
which has *F* natural. Yet in counting
these fifths by semitones, there seems
to be a small error: the number is
said to be seven. Now, as it is the
custom in counting the notes of the
diatonic scale, to reckon the note we
go from, as well as the note we go to,
there would appear to be eight. And
this is the way that Baumgarten, Deit-
enhöfer, and most other theorists,
have reckoned them. The mode of
forming the scale by tetrachords, is
very ingenious, and much easier to com-
prehend than any method we have
seen. Many other useful things in
this little treatise might be pointed out,
had we room; but suffice it to say,
that it is ably written, and will be of
infinite service as a school-book, with-
out interfering in the plan of instruc-
tion which any master may have
adopted.

*The Doctrine of the Lower World of the
Egyptians, and of the Mysteries of Isis.*
(Extracted from an Essay on the
"Mines of the East.") By M. Joseph
Von Hammer.

ONE of the best preserved Mummies in the
Imperial Museum at Vienna, enabled the
Author of this Essay to read, it may be
said, the whole doctrine of the infernal re-
gions in the representations depicted upon
it. All mummies, as well as all the cases
or sarcophagi, in which they lie, are covered
with representations of various kinds, but
always having a resemblance to each other;
but there is none in which the whole series
of figures remains so undamaged in the co-
lours and design as in this. The series of
these representations is on the lower board
of the case, on which the mummy lies,
both on the inside and outside of the board.
We go through them in their natural order,
which explains itself, internally from the
foot to the head, and externally in the same
order. The contents of them contradict in a
remarkable manner the prejudice which
was impressed upon us in our early educa-
tion, and which we for the most part incul-
cate in our children, that these people of
antiquity had no precise idea of a second
life. The objection that these Mysteries of
Isis led only to a more spiritual life in the
 flesh, in consequence of the doctrine received
by initiation, seems to be refuted by the
meaning of the pictures. That they repre-
sent the incorporeal by sensible images,
does not exclude the spiritual sense. A
Heathen who should see and hear the ex-
ternal symbols of our spiritual doctrines in
baptism, confirmation, &c. and the mode
of representing our convictions of an eter-
nal life, in resurrection, judgment, goats,
sheep, and eternal hallelujah, would also
disbelieve that we understood by them the
most incorporeal, (unkörperlichste) the
Highest, revealed to the inner man. The
reader may himself decide on the truth of
this comparison.

I. The representations are—*The Gate of
the Kingdom of the Grave.*—A great gate
the entrance to this kingdom: before it
stands a sepulchral column, with seven
striped sacred fillets. Close by stand two
mourning women, as Herodotus describes
them. Over their heads are numerous
hieroglyphics, where the Greek cross oc-
curs several times, which among the Egyp-
tians was the symbol of eternal life. Two
covered baskets near them contain the fu-
neral offerings.

II. *The Guardian of the nether World.*—
This is the wolf, which lies stretched at his
full length in the attitude of the sphinx,
and guards the entrance to the kingdom of
the grave. It is necessary to attend to the
difference between this representation of
the wolf and that of the dog; they are the
symbols of the good and evil principles;
the wolf allotted to Typhon, the dog
to Anubis. The wolf here is not repre-
sented in the usual attitude, lying with the
sacred scourge, like the Easter lamb with

the standard; near him is the eye of Osiris as the symbol of Providence and Justice; and next it the sacred venomous serpent, as the symbol of the spirit of the universe, the Lord of life and death.

III. *The Corpse in the Grave.*—This is the representation of the corpse which is depicted on several mummies and other monuments; that is the mummy on a bier usually formed in the shape of a lion; under which stand four Divinities represented as jars, while one or two Genii are employed about the mummy. Respecting this picture, which is found upon all mummies, there has been much debate, because the character of the good and evil Genii was not distinguished. They have the wolf's head, the dog's head, that of the sparrowhawk, and the sow's head of Isis, as symbols. The genius with the wolf's head, who here stands upright next to the mummy, holds a goblet in his hand, which contains the beverage of oblivion. The same opposition of Genii appears in the four jars under the bier,* the lids of which consist of a hawk's head and a sow's head as good Genii, and of a wolf's head and a cat's head as evil Genii. The question now is, to determine the meaning of this representation. The form of the bier in the shape of a lion is explained by the circumstance of the fable (Mythe) in which a lion carries off the corpse of Osiris: the meaning of the good and evil Genii opposed to each other we may follow into Ismaelism, like many other Egyptian doctrines which have been transferred into it. According to this, the soul as soon as it lies in the tomb has to suffer the pains of the grave, that is the appearance of a Genius, who puts to it questions respecting its life, and then leads it to judgment. Such a one therefore is the Genius near the mummy in the grave: in some instances the soul itself is represented visibly, flying out of the mouth of the mummy in the form of a little bird, or a butterfly. Often too, one sees at the head and foot of the bier female Genii in a praying attitude, probably deprecating the pains of the soul in the grave. These are called in Islamism, servants of God, were considered as mediatrices, and were saluted, by the persons praying, on the right and on the left.

IV. *The Funeral Offering.*—The soul appears here clothed in a human form, with a body quite red, which is evidently no human body, (for the mummy lies now in the grave) but an unsubstantial image, which now surrounds the bird or the butterfly. This body resembles none of those on the other side of the gate of death, and the soul retains it, through all the following representations, till the highest beatification; it is also different from the Divinities

* It is worthy of remark, that grotesque struggles between good and bad spirits for the souls of dying men are among the most common pictures belonging to the early times of the Christian Church. Monks and priests are generally driving away the latter by prayers, &c. though it seems often very doubtful how the contest is to end, En.

which surround it, and there is never any question of priests in these representations. The form of this funeral offering is every where the same, and the sense is also pretty clear; it consists of the lotus flower, the symbol of eternal life, and the resurrection. The soul makes this first offering to Horus and the inferior deities, to obtain their intercession with the superior ones, Isis and Osiris. Horus appears here therefore as the guardian Divinity, at the entrance into the sanctuary. The soul thus figured, stands here before the altar, on which a bright fire burns, over which again the significant lotus flower is seen; in the hand it holds a pot with a plant, which has the same signification as the gardens of Adonis, in the festival of Adonis among the Greeks, namely, a type of the resurrection of the flesh, in the sense of the Scriptures; that the just shall rise again like fresh leaves; that they shall flourish like cedars and palm trees. This image of the flower-pot is found even now on all oriental tombs, on which flower-pots are carved. Behind Horus, to whom the offering is made, stands the Thirsus, with the sacred veil, which we shall find again below. The hieroglyphics over the head probably contain the prayer of the soul that makes the offering.

V. *The mediating Divinity.*—Four Genii with a green feather in their hands, doubtless belong to the inferior divinities, whom the soul invoked, in order to pass, through their means, into the community of the blessed. Whether they represent the four elements in the seasons, it is evident that they are imploring and interceding for the departed soul. A hand-breadth of the board over their head is broken off in the case here described; there is however still visible the ends of the wings which belonged to the winged globe, the symbol of the Spirit of the Universe, whom the four Intercessors had implored for the reception of the soul.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW VIEW OF LONDON.

As we make very free in our observations on foreign countries, so do foreigners make very free in their criticisms upon England. The following appeared in a Ghent paper extremely hostile to Great Britain, and, though it may be amusing to read, is so furiously intolerant and unjust, that we cannot, in speaking of it, say even, *Fus est ab hoste doceri.*

SIR,

Bruges, Jan. 9, 1818.

Curiosity induced me, a short time ago, to visit London, where I remained about a fortnight. Assuredly no one will deny that it is the largest city in Europe, and, without contradiction, it is at present the richest

in the world; but I must confess I was not a little astonished to find the noblemen and citizens so wealthy, and their houses so mean and pitiable. Though in England manufactures are carried to the highest point of perfection, yet painting, sculpture, and architecture, are more backward than in any other kingdom in Europe;—but in a country where people of exalted rank abandon themselves to intemperate drinking and dissipation of every kind,—where the grand object of the nobility is to purchase votes to obtain seats in parliament, it is not surprising that the arts and sciences should be neglected.

The best nobleman's residence in London cannot be compared to one of secondary rank in Paris. Except St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the new Waterloo Bridge, there is no public edifice worthy of notice. A small triumphal arch is to be erected in St. James's park, which will doubtless be an excellent specimen of English architecture, for the elegant design of M. ****, of Ghent, was rejected for no other reason than because he was not an English artist. Thousands of Englishmen are at present travelling in all quarters of Europe;—is it not astonishing that none of their men of learning should import to their native country some of the beautiful models of architecture which they see on the continent? Can they pass through Antun without admiring its triumphal arch? There is a noble design which they might copy. The grand entrance gate of Berlin, which is in the Doric style, might likewise be worthy of their notice: but they will bestow no attention on the magnificent monuments they meet with, and prefer following their own bad taste; for they have no more notion of architecture than of music. They do not scruple to expend enormous sums on objects, the value of which they are incapable of appreciating. I went to view the new church erected at Marylebone, under the direction of Earl Grosvenor. I thought it wretched; built without any regard either to taste or principles: the meanest architect on the continent would have blushed at the very thought of proposing such a design. I likewise saw the new square in Waterloo Place. It is built of bricks and mortar, and will serve, perhaps, for a few years to charm the eyes of the Prince Regent, whose knowledge of architecture is not remarkably extensive.

A monument is to be erected to the memory of the beloved and regretted Princess Charlotte of Wales. This statue is to be executed by an English sculptor, instead of being entrusted to the most celebrated statuary in the world (*Canova*), who would have created a model fit for the study of young artists. It is a singular fact, that I never observed, either at Carlton House or the palaces at Windsor or Brighton, a single production of that eminent artist. A new Custom-House has recently been erected in the vicinity of London Bridge. It is built on an immense scale, and in a

style resembling the gloomy gothic monuments of the ages of Ignorance.

After having visited the two grand theatres (which are very inconsiderable with regard to size), and the shops, in which are deposited the rich productions of English commerce, I spent several days in walking about the town, without experiencing any other emotion than that of extreme fatigue. At length, heartily tired of a city in which all is noise, bustle, and confusion, I joyfully embarked on board a packet-boat, and returned to Bruges. ****

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 30.—Saturday last, being Bachelors of Arts' Commencement, 186 gentlemen were admitted to that degree.

The following gentlemen obtained academical honours on the above occasion:—

WRANGLERS.

Dr. Lefevre	Trin.	Dr. Ramsay	Jes.
— Hinde	Joh.	— Henslow	Joh.
— Malkin	Trin.	— Geldart	Tr. H.
— Pope	Emm.	— Thelwall	Trin.
— Warren	Jes.	— Venn	Qu.
— Broughton	Pemb.	— Beech	Joh.
— Attwood	Pemb.	— Skinner	Jes.
— Fisher	Trin.	— Jeremy	Trin.
— Hutchins	Pemb.	— Escreet	Trin.
— D'Arblay	Chr.	— Crombie	Trin.
— Tyson	Cath.	— Clarke	Caius.
— Hawkes	Trin.	— Godson	Caius.
— Greenwood	Bene't.	— Hallewell	Chr.
— Twigg	Trin.	— Walter	Sid.

SENIOR OPTIMES.

Dr. Brandt	Trin.	Dr. Ellis	Trin.
— McDowall	Bene't.	— Stainforth	Trin.
— Plaskett	Pemb.	— Prickett	Pet.
— Studholme	Jes.	— Whately	Trin.
— Blunell	Trin.	— Thompson	Pemb.
— Harvey	Cath.	— Peach	Joh.
— Melville	Trin.	— Thirlwall	Trin.
— Hindle	Joh.	— Evans	Joh.
— Buller	Joh.	— Warren	Sid.
— Haslewood	Pet.	— Lunn	Joh.
— Franks	Pet.	— Ward	Joh.
— Courtenay	Joh.	— Dobree	Pemb.
— Ash	Qu.	— Leigh	Trin.
— Pearce	Joh.	— Hildyard	Joh.
— Cardale	Joh.	— Jones	Jes.

JUNIOR OPTIMES.

Dr. Torlesse	Trin.	Dr. Littlewood	Joh.
— Benson	Trin.	— Ward	Qu.
— Tomlin	Joh.	— Oldershaw	Emm.
— Fornby	Jes.	— Dewe	Joh.
— Hopkinson	Clare.	— Davies	Clare.
— Luard	Joh.		

Total number of academical honours 69, being more than on any former occasion in the annals of the University.

The subjects for the Prizes given by the Representatives in Parliament for this University, for the present year, are—

FOR THE SENIOR BACHELORS,
Antiquæ Musææ species et natura.

MIDDLE BACHELORS.

Inter Græcos et Romanos Historiæ Scriptores comparatione facta, ejusdem stylus imitatione maxime dignus esse videtur.

The subjects for Sir William Browne's Gold Medals, for the present year, are—

FOR THE GREEK ODE,

In Obitum Illustrissimæ Principissæ Carolettæ Augustæ Georgiæ Walliæ Principis Filiæ.

FOR THE LATIN ODE,

In Memoriam Ricardi Vicecomitis Fitzwilliam Musci Fitzwilliam Fundatoris munifici.

FOR THE EPIGRAMS,

Magna Civitas, Magna Solitudo.

PORSON PRIZE.—The passage fixed upon, for the present year, is—

SHAKESPEARE, HENRY VIII. Act 3, Sc. 2.

Beginning with—

“Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear;”

And ending with—

“He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.”

Which is to be translated into Iambic Acatalectic Trimeters, according to the laws laid down by the Professor, in his Preface to the Hecuba of Euripides.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE Gallery in Pall Mall opened on Monday, and public opinion, as far as it can be gathered, has sanctioned our preliminary remarks. Its general merit is acknowledged, and most of the pictures which we mentioned as peculiarly striking have been purchased by eminent Patrons of the Arts, the best proof that could be adduced of their excellence. Sitting, however, in a sort of chair of critical justice—a delicate and embarrassing situation we feel it to be—it behoves us to speak at least impartially, if we do not affect the garb of a technical style; and we proceed to offer such observations as a more minute examination of the pictures suggests. This purpose we have to preface with only one general remark, which we need scarcely say proceeds from as ardent admirers and warm friends of the establishment as the periodical press can boast. But it does occur to us that there is too great a predominance of local landscape: not that landscape painting is not delightful, or does not afford scope for the display of first-rate talents; but that, as we take it, this Institution was formed on other grounds, its main purpose being to encourage those higher branches of the art, historical and poetical compositions, which in this Protestant country lacked the patronage which individual wealth bestowed on portrait and landscape. It does not, upon the whole, appear to us that this distinguishing feature is sufficiently adhered to, and we are rather inclined to think on the contrary, that, with all its merits, in the present exhibition works of imagination are rendered secondary to those of local scenery.

No. I. THE ANGEL URIEL. Wm. Allston.

The glorious vision
The gorgeous form that now upon his throne
Of rocky amber, like some mountain peak
Dark 'gainst a lunar sky, before me rose
In giant majesty!
Th' arch-angel Uriel..... Visit to the Sun.

We have already pronounced this to be a grand and imposing picture. The character and style of the painting are rather more worthy of consideration and praise than the management of the subject. It is, indeed, one of those giant forms which are of every day occurrence; but its excellence lies in an approach to the exalted system of ancient art. What honour is paid to a modern and a young artist when we declare that we cannot look upon his work without being reminded at times of Michael Angelo and at times of Corregio! The manner in which Mr. Allston has treated his Uriel may aptly be compared with that of the Cartoons, or more strictly, perhaps, with that of the Roman School, whose painters have done so much to improve our national taste and ennoble the arts. There is much of the *fresco* in its coup d'œil, and with something of a want of detail, an evident want of solidity in the figure. If we could add to it that solidity which distinguished the chef d'œuvre of Guercino, seen last year on the opposite side of Pall Mall, and now in the King's Mews, it would deserve almost unqualified approbation. As it is, it is certainly a great and extraordinary production—aiming with no mean flight at the highest elevation, and ranking its author with the most able artists of the British School.

No. III. BATHSHEBA. D. Wilkie, R. A.

It is hardly necessary to observe that in a subject of this class, and a cabinet picture, grace is at once the recommendation and the apology. Naked subjects, if not eminently refined, are voluptuous, and the sublime of art scorns the slightest approach to a mean passion. In the subordinate parts of this picture all the skill of Wilkie is displayed. The colour, the chiaro-scuro, and the whole tone is admirable, except in the principal figure, where the carnations are by no means sufficiently vivid, but, on the contrary, there is a monotony and heaviness which is very prejudicial to the general effect.

No. XXII. A CARDINAL. G. H. Harlow.

This truly excellent work of art must be placed among the number of those productions which are said to be done *con amore*: in which the artist or the writer pours out his whole soul upon the subject, and concentrates his powers upon a single object or particular effect. Its character and colouring warrant the approbation of every man of taste, and had he painted no other picture, this would justify us in looking forward to the artist as a credit and support to our national school. There is a fine breadth about the head, well preserved with all the brilliancy of colour, which we observe in the best works of Rubens; one of whose studies (by the way) in the collection

of the late Dr. Hunter, which went along with the museum to Glasgow, is brought to our memory by this Cardinal. This study was transferred to the celebrated picture of the Woman taken in Adultery, and was, we believe, considered a portrait of Otho Venius or M. de Vos. It is probably the costume of the character, but the precise fan-like form of the prelatial dress does not improve the appearance of the whole; but the great merit, independent of this slight objection, lies in the dignity and character of the head.

NO. XXV. THE INFANT MOSES.

John Jackson, R.A.

In this specimen Mr. Jackson has approved himself an exquisite colourist. There is a lightness and transparency in the tones of the flesh, which are truly desirable in all subjects of this nature, and maintain a fine harmony with the back-ground. The marking of the neck is too sudden, and gives us the idea of a head separated from the body.

XXIX. MEX MERRILIES.

Sir W. Beechy, R.A.

In this the artist has not embodied our idea of the Scotch gipsy. Smoothness of painting does not accord with a character of so much energy. As we shall hereafter have to pay a tribute of applause to another picture by the same hand, we may be excused here giving an opinion that the present is a failure.

XXXVI. AN AFTERNOON'S NAP.

F. P. Stephanoff.

A very clever picture; full of spirit, whether it regards the character and expression or technical skill in the art. This little domestic intrigue represents a daughter engaged with a lover while her father is asleep—she is forbidding his entrance, as a dog, not sleeping so sound as his master, has taken the alarm. It is very humorously treated, and our attention is divided, but, at the same time, gratified between the earnestness of the girl and the profound repose of the father. We wish we could add that the contrast was as happily preserved in their colour; but the mellowness and richness of the sleeper and all around him is disturbed by the cold and chalky whiteness of the damsel. Upon the whole, the subject is full of vigour, and the relief a great improvement upon some of the artist's preceding performances.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MONTICELLO.

(From the MS. Journal of a late Tour on the Continent.)

We had returned from our excursion on the lake with something like a determination, not the less sincere for its being less "loud than deep," to look for no more raptures in water excursions;—but the evenings in this country are so proverbially fine, that one easily forgets the ruffings of the day. The sun was going down as we ascended the hill to the Casa Cavalletti, and, without the usual raptures on orange

skies and perfumed airs, the sight from the summit was most noble, various, and picturesque. This is the land of colours, and the landscape was an immense panorama, tinged in long sweeps of radiance, as if each was the division of a map. Lombardy lay before us on the left, an endless expansion of the green of vineyard and fruit gardens; then came the true Italian view of hills, touched with crimson lights, and in the intervals glimpses of three or four remote lakes, that looked like sheets of sanguined steel. In front the sun was stooping in full glory upon Milan, and the dome of the Cathedral rose among heavy purple clouds, like a pillar of gold;—the Bolognese hills were the relief of this magnificent foreground, and they had the additional depth of being loaded with what seemed a growing thunderstorm. To all this nothing was wanting but a group of banditti, or a procession of pilgrims; and, as Fortune would have it, we were suddenly called from our aerial contemplations to look upon what might have been taken for either. Our guide, whom we sent to reconnoitre, soon returned, and told us that they were redeemed slaves from Algiers. They seemed a very ferocious troop; we, however, were numerous enough not to feel much alarm, and waited for their coming, which was preluded by a general *Viva* for the Bravi Inglesi. They were about 40; some of them had been long in slavery, and bore the marks of an African sun in their stained and withered complexions. We soon grew excellent friends, and heard a multitude of stories of the attack under Lord Exmouth,—unmeasured praise of English gallantry, and some strong descriptions of the desperation of the Moors, and the slaughter within the walls. We were generous, as they called it; and, before parting, they gave a specimen of their gratitude. They produced two women, whom, in defiance of all the laws of Algiers and Mahommed, they had smuggled away, in the general confusion of their departure, and we were honoured with a dance. The sun was now setting, and we became impatient of lingering among the hills, and rather suspicious of night in such company. However, they insisted that they should be permitted the honour of exhibiting their finest specimen of African accomplishment. They ranged themselves into two parties, with the exception of ten or twelve, who did not consider themselves equal to the display. A few moments were enough for them to bind their sashes round their heads into some resemblance of a turban; their cloaks were flung scarfed round their shoulders, and we found ourselves in the presence of what might be easily mistaken for a band of travelling Moors. They had contrived to preserve some mandolines and a wild kind of horn in use among the shepherds on the borders of the desert. They found out a level spot on the hill side, and commenced with a species of chorus and a confused dance. This soon ceased, and they divided. One of the females headed each

party. We were standing below, and with our backs to the sun. The unemployed slaves were scattered round the edge of the circle, wrapped in their brown cloaks, that reached to the ground, and with their fixed dark faces and unmoving figures, like so many monuments of stone. The sun was now touching the horizon, and broad gleams of fiery light were straggling through the heavy clouds that were rolling downwards to the hill. In the midst of a sudden glare of rose-coloured and sanguine radiance, one of the women advanced from the centre of the dancers, who were grouped on the summit. She was a tall and stately figure, and must have once been very handsome. A Greek and stern profile, bold and rapidly-moving eyebrows, large eyes of the deepest black, a cheek of artificial crimson, and a mouth of such dimpled sweetness as strangely contrasted with the haughty and tragic expression of her general physiognomy. We afterwards learned that she was a Turkess who had been sent among the menials of the Haram for some act of violence or revenge. She declaimed a soliloquy of which we did not understand one word, for it was in Arabic. She frequently pointed to the Heavens, then cast her eyes round, paused, listened, then gazed upwards as if she saw some descending wonder; this closed with a prostration. A painter might have made a noble study of this subject, with the wild gesture and illumined figure, the scarlet shawl that crowned her brow, like a wreath of fire in the sun, and her countenance alternately brightening and darkening as if with the spell within. She might have stood for a Cassandra. As she rose the two parties commenced singing in turn, and with the same style of gesture, turning from Earth to Heaven. This singular pantomime was to represent the transmission of Mohammed's sword from the upper world; and, whether from the vengeance of their Moorish masters, or its intrinsic beauty, had been one of the tasks imposed on such of the slaves as exhibited any "music in their souls" to learn. The chorus, heard at another time and place, might not have produced any very extravagant admiration, and its instrumental part was miserable; but heard under all the circumstances, even the chime of the mandolines, and the sad and deep notes of the desert horn, breaking in among voices that in all their captivity were Italian, seemed, in that place of solitude, and in the presence of the beings who had themselves undergone the "perils by fire, and flood, and chains o' the Moor," made up, as we all subsequently agreed, the most powerful effect that we had ever experienced from music. On parting they gave us the words of their chant, which I send you versified, from a literal translation by our friend H—

THE PROPHET'S SCYMITAR.

I see a tempest in the sky,
The clouds are rushing wild and high!
'Tis dark—and darker still! The moon
Is wab—is fiery red—is gone;

Along the horizon's edge a ring
Of fearful light hangs wavering.
Yet all beneath, around, is still,
All as entranc'd—lake, vale, and hill.
Hark to the thunder-peak!—"Thy past,
Scarce echoing on the upward blast:
The lightnings upward to the pole
Roll gorgeous;—not for us they roll.
Things in that tossing sky have birth
This hour, that bear no stain of earth.

The storm descends again!—the peal—
The lightning's hiss—the whirlwind's swell,
At once come deepening on the ear:
The cloud is now a sanguine sphere,
That, down a cataract of light,
Shoots from the summit of the night;
And glorious shapes along its verge,
Like meteors flash, ascend, immerge.
The broad, black Heav'n is awed and calm,
The earth sends up its incense-balm,
The cloud-wreath folds the mountain's brow,
The lake's long billow sinks below,
All slumbering, far as eye can gaze,
In sapphires—one blue, mystic blaze!

They come!—Whence swept that sound, so
near,
So sweet, it pains the mortal ear?
A sound that on the spirit flings
A spell, to open all its springs.
(That sound thou'lt hear no more, till rise
Thine own white wings in Paradise.)
List to the song the Genii pour,
As from yon airy isle they soar,
Chanting alternate, height o'er height,
Halo on halo, diamond bright.—
The strain that told, from star to star,
They brought the talisman of war,
The Prophet's matchless Scymitar!

GENIE.

Allah il Allah!—high in Heaven,
Might to the MIGHTIEST be given!
Mohammed, Prophet, Prince, be thine
On earth Dominion's master-sign!
On thy bold brow no Jewell'd band—
No sceptre in thy right-hand;—
Forth—and fulfil thy destiny!
The Scymitar descends for thee.

CHORUS.

Hail, holy Scymitar! thy steel
Is lightning's flash, and thunder's peal!

GENIE.

Nor mortal force, nor earthly flame
Wake in the mine its mighty frame:
Its mine was in the tempest's gloom,
Its forge was in the thunder's womb.
To give its hue, the eclipsing moon
In brief and bloody splendour shone;—
The comet, rushing from its steep,
Trac'd thro' the Heav'n the steel's broad
sweep.

CHORUS.

Prince of the starry diadem,
Where found its blade the burning gleam?

GENIE.

'Twas edg'd upon the living stone
That lights the tomb of Solomon;
Then, rising, temper'd in the wave
That floats thro' Mecca's holy cave.
Above—upon its hill were graven
The potent characters of Heaven;
Then, on the footsteps of the THRONES
'Twas laid;—it blaz'd, the charm was done.

CHORUS.

Now, woe to helm, and woe to shield,
That meets it rushing o'er the field;
Like dust before its edge shall fall
The temper'd sword, the solid mail;
Till like a star its glories swell
In terrors on the Infidel;—
A sm, foredoom'd to pour its rays
Till earth is burning in its blaze!

C.

SONNET TO HORNSEY.

*Written cross-wise on the poetical leaf of an old
Examiner Newspaper.*

With what a werry fine aspect does that sweet
village by London
Hemm'd prettily round with hill, and brook, and
spring,
And stream, and wood, and wale, and all such
thing
Most beautiful, greet us Vilson!—rare place,
where undone
Mortal droops under infirmity
To lead him to eternity!—
Whose copse and white-washt cottage, snugly
mingles,
Just like those werry pretty little Boxes
That o'erhangs the Surrey Canal lockes,
Where Sydenham's shady-woods right o'er 'em
dingles
Most beautiful!—and O, how it would puzzle
My brain to tell thee, Vilson, half the sweets of
Muzzle
Hill!—Enough!—O bare me hence, ere life shall
sever,
Ye Powers Dewine! that I may live for ever.

WALTER.

TO WALTER SCOTT,

*On hearing it said that he, like Daoudarte, had
lost his laurels on the field of Waterloo.*

Oh why should they say that thy bright wreath
is faded!
That on Waterloo's plain, it has wither'd and
dried?
Why couple thy name with a tyrant's degraded,
And say that with *his*, thy fair laurels have died?
Oh no!—they still live—thou dear Poet of Na-
ture!
(However detraction or envy abuse)
In verdure they triumph o'er prejudic'd satire,
And crown thee the pride of the Caledon muse.

MARY.

BIOGRAPHY.

PROFESSOR WALTER,

OF BERLIN.

The two following letters announce the
deaths of two of the oldest Professors in
Europe, both in the beginning of January
1818.

"Berlin, Jan. 6.

"On the 4th of this month, Berlin lost
one of its most celebrated men, by the
death of M. Privy-Counsellor Walter, First
Professor of Physics, Anatomy, and Mid-
wifery, and Member of the Academy of
Sciences. He was in the 84th year of his
age, being born at Königsberg, in Prussia,
on the 1st of July 1734. His Osteology is
a model of accurate description, founded
on profound knowledge, and full of va-

luable information on the subject;—but
the work to which particular praise is due,
is his admirable Treatise on the Nerves of
the Breast and Belly, which contains such
delicate and accurate dissections, illustrated
by plates so excellently finished, that few
anatomical works can be put in competition
with it, and not a single one, of any nation,
be placed above it. Walter opened, as it
were, a new world. His writings greatly
enriched the science; but he has left an
equally great treasure in his Anatomical
Museum, the produce of fifty years indefatigable labour. His Majesty has purchased this cabinet with royal liberality,
and graciously opened it for general inspection. Very few anatomists have acquired so great a degree of ability: no one has completed such a collection by his own industry. Mascagni indeed equalled him in zeal and talent; but almost the whole of Mascagni's fine preparations are destroyed. Walter's collection remains, a noble monument of German industry, and may subsist for centuries. Many of his views may perhaps be now no longer approved; but this fate is common to him with all those who labour in the experimental sciences, in which every succeeding day brings with it new improvements; but whoever is versed in his branch of science, will always hold Walter's name in high honour, for he has produced works that are masterpieces in their kind, and greatly extended the bounds of our knowledge."

PROFESSOR SEBALDUS RAN.

"Utrecht, January 11, 1818.

"Yesterday evening died here the very learned Professor Sebalduus Ran, at the advanced age of 93 years and 3 months. First as Lecturer, and afterwards as Professor, of Oriental Literature, he had taught in our High School with extraordinary reputation and success for the long period of sixty years, and had enjoyed, for about eight years, the repose which he had so well merited. Of all the Professors who have attained a great age, either here or elsewhere, in our country, Ran is the oldest, and had besides the good fortune to retain to the last moment the entire possession of his intellectual faculties. He was a man of the most extensive learning, particularly in the manners and customs of the East and the Jewish antiquities, and generally celebrated for it, so that the High School of Utrecht will always have reason to boast of him as one of its greatest ornaments. Mildness of disposition, piety, and a truly serious spirit, distinguished him, and enabled him to bear, with exemplary resignation, the severe loss of a beloved son. All the lovers of true learning who were acquainted with him,—his numberless scholars, as many at least as survive him,—his numerous friends, and still surviving descendants and relations, will never cease to entertain the highest respect and honour for his memory."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

REMARKS ON THE MEXICO AND THE MEXICAN LANGUAGE.

(By M. Sonnenschmidt.)*

Buffon, in his Natural History, mentioning the Mexican names of quadrupeds, says, "The Mexican language is extremely barbarous." Even great men are liable to error, and the learned Naturalist has, on this occasion, been guilty of one of no mean importance; for the Mexican language, as pronounced by the natives, is so notorious and agreeable, and is distinguished to its advantage among all the Indian languages with which I have become acquainted.

A person whose organs of speech have been rendered pliant by the difficult pronunciation of his own mother-tongue, will pronounce the most difficult words of the Mexican language in a pleasing and correct manner; but by no means attain the extremely fluent, rapid, and agreeable pronunciation of the native and real Mexicans. Thus, for instance, I myself, in the first years after my arrival in that country, pronounced the most difficult Mexican words, after once hearing them, so perfectly, that my Spanish friends living in Mexico were much surprised at it, and were not able to do the same. But after I had lived some years in New Spain, and spoken little or no German, my organs of speech were so spoiled by the easy and soft pronunciation of the Spanish, that I found it difficult and almost impossible to pronounce, with ease and propriety, a Mexican word that was at all difficult; as, for instance, *Xicalquahuil* (the name of a tree peculiar to the country.)

The same circumstance was the cause that, on my return to my own country, nobody took me for a German, and many affirmed that I was a foreigner, who had but just begun to learn German; though I had never forgotten the German, and still fancied that I pronounced it correctly. However, I suffered very much by it, and when I had been speaking German for a considerable time, felt unpleasant sensations, particularly in the jawbones, which are more frequently exercised in speaking our language than in speaking Spanish.

From these remarks I think it clearly appears why the Mexican language should seem barbarous to a Frenchman, who perhaps did not even recollect that, in the Mexican as in the Spanish, X must be pronounced like G, Z like S, &c. I, at least, should be very much surprised if a Frenchman praised this language, which does not please the Spaniards, on account of their

organs being spoiled, as I have said, by their own. For my part, I was always very happy when I had an opportunity to put in motion the voluble tongues of the native Mexicans; and in my walks or journeys I seldom let a pretty Mexican woman pass me without enquiring my road, with which I was, however, usually well acquainted. On these occasions, I not only admired the mild, obliging, and yet lively characters of these good people, but took also particular delight in their pleasing and melodious pronunciation of the many *zatl*, *olin*, *litzle*, *zincatl*, *huil*, *motzin*, *zomatli*, *calipatl*, *paliri*, *lotli*, *huatl*, *oztli*, *titlan*, *pantili*, *zintli*, which occur in their language.

As I mention the good Mexicans, ill-informed persons will perhaps pity the fate of this people; and it may therefore not be useless to combat this error beforehand. Nothing so incessantly occupied my attention as the condition of the natives of that country. I often visited them in their houses, their huts, and in some caves in which they live voluntarily and contentedly. On the great canal of Mexico, in the markets, where numbers of them come for the purposes of buying and selling, I frequently mingled with them to observe them, and always found a very urbane, cheerful, and contented people, whom nobody, whether European or Creole, may abuse. They are, happily, protected by the laws. Whoever ill treats a Mexican, is immediately thrown into a prison as a criminal, and severely punished. Such occurrences, however, are certainly very rare; for the Spanish nation is the most humane that I know, and its general characteristic is the greatest abhorrence of oppression of a fellow-creature, whether his complexion be white or black, yellow or brown.†

Respecting what has passed in former times, I can give no testimony, though every thing shews that many circumstances have been exaggerated, and represented in incredibly odious colours. I speak only of a later period of twelve years, and I have great satisfaction in saying, that in my long and repeated visits to the Mexican mines and smelting-houses, I never found a slave in them; and that many owners of mines do not even punish the almost daily embezzlement of rich gold and silver ore, but content themselves with taking back what is stolen, and letting the culprits go, though, when they are caught in the fact, it is al-

† Besides my own twelve years experience, I might confirm this assertion by the testimony of many impartial travellers, who have not gone as enemies to Spain and its Colonies. I will quote only Langsdorf's Observations on a Voyage round the World, in the years 1803 to 1807, Part II.:—"The rural, unaffected simplicity of these good people (at San Francisco) charmed us so much, that we immediately felt an interest in the acquaintance with the individuals, and took a lively share in the happiness of this amiable family." What is here said of one family, I can certify of the whole Spanish nation in Europe and America.

lowed to confine them, but by no means to inflict on them corporal punishment.

I even knew an instance in which a Spanish officer of justice, in the actual exercise of his functions, was pelted with stones by some rioters of the lower class of different casts: having obtained assistance, he caused corporal punishment to be inflicted on some of the ringleaders who were taken in the fact: for this he was not only deprived of his office, but sentenced to pay a considerable fine, because he was not authorised to act as he had done without the previous approbation of the royal government of the country (Real Audiencia); and this respectable tribunal never authorises corporal punishment till the affair is enquired into, proved, and found to be a case calling for such remedy.

I shall be happy if these few remarks should contribute to make people judge of nations, their character and relations, more favourably than has sometimes been the case; and intend, at a future time, to communicate farther observations on that country, which deserves, on many accounts, to be called the New World.

SONNENSCHMIDT.

TIFLIS.

From the journal of a German Traveller who has recently visited Tiflis, we extract the following observations on that city, and the part of Russia in which it is situated:

"Our caravan spent eight days in proceeding from Mosdak to Tiflis, a distance of about 250 wersts; but if due attention were paid to the state of the roads, the journey might certainly be accomplished in one half the time. Tiflis is accounted one of the finest cities in Asia, yet the streets are so extremely narrow, that it would be impossible to drive a carriage through the best of them. The houses, which have no regular roofs, are built of the clay used for making bricks, mixed with gravel: the windows are small, and distributed without any attention to regularity. As the external walls of the houses are never plastered, the town presents a gloomy and even dirty appearance. The houses are generally two stories high, and earth huts are exceedingly numerous. There are many churches in Tiflis, but they are neither large nor splendid. The market, or *bazaar*, according to Asiatic custom, is held in one of the principal streets, which is covered over from one end to the other with a wooden roof, intended apparently to protect the shops from the scorching rays of the sun. At the *bazaar* merchandize of every description is sold; fruit, vegetables, silks, shawls, and wine, are frequently displayed on the same stall. In one corner a smith has established his workshop, from which the sparks issue in every direction in the very faces of the passengers. Tailors, locksmiths, and goldsmiths, pursue their avocations in the open air, except when rainy or windy weather obliges them to take shelter beneath the roof with which the street is covered.

* For an interesting account of the Mexican Glaciers, by this gentleman, see Nos. 31 and 32 of the Literary Gazette. The present paper affords a view of Mexican manners, so opposite to what we are accustomed to entertain, that from a resident in that country of twelve years standing, it seems at this moment to merit peculiar attention.—EDITOR.

It would be unjust to assert that the inhabitants of Tiflis are not inclined to receive the benefits of education, if proper means were adopted for that purpose. It is said that the present chief intends to establish public schools, and that the materials for building them are already provided. The breeding of cattle is likewise to be introduced here, and in furtherance of this design, the chief has purchased upwards of 7000 sheep from some Persian Khans subject to the Russian government. I understand that measures have already been taken for drawing up a circumstantial statistical description of the whole country. This work cannot fail to prove interesting. The results of the wisely-directed labours of an active government are every where observable.

THE GREEK CHURCH.

Although the following extract may not convey any novelty to a number of our readers, yet as it embraces, within a short compass, information of an useful kind for others, less conversant with such matters, we take the liberty of quoting, from the Bishop of Landaff's work, an account of the chief tenets of the Greek church. It is contained in a letter to an English lady, whose conscience was tender, whatever her heart might be, on receiving a proposition of marriage from a Russian prince.

"The Russian Greek Church does not use in its public service what is commonly called the *Apostles' Creed*; nor what is improperly called the *Athanasian Creed*; but simply that which we use in our communion service, which is usually denominated the *Nicene Creed*; though it is not, in every point, precisely that which was composed at the Council of Nice, in Bithynia, in the year 325. I do not presume to blame the Russian Church for the exclusive use of the *Nicene Creed* in its public service, especially as it does not prohibit the private use of the other two. Nor do I blame it for differing from the Romish Church in one article of this creed, respecting the Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father alone; though all the reformed churches agree with the Church of Rome in maintaining the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and Son, notwithstanding its being well known that the words—*And the Son*, were only added by a pope in the tenth century, without the authority of a council. The doctrine may be true; but not being a part of what was established at the Council of Nice,* it is not admitted by the Greek church.

"The Russian Church differs from the Romish Church, in not acknowledging a purgatory; in not denying the sacramental cup to the laity; in allowing their priests to

marry; in explaining transubstantiation in a mystical manner; in not invoking saints and the Virgin Mary as mediators; acknowledging Jesus Christ as the only mediator; and in many other points. In these, and in other particulars, the Greek church seems to have a leaning to the principles of protestantism rather than of popery."

On these grounds the Bishop sees no impediment to the marriage.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—The Opera on Saturday was the favourite and graceful *La Molinara*. Paesiello's genius, German in its pastoral spirit, and Italian in its elegance, has given this petite Opera all the beauty that can consist with the absence of force; it is sweet and feeble, a mere tissue of those wandering and light conceptions which might have arisen and passed away with the moment in the mind of the master of music; a "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" of harmony. Fodor was the Miller's maid and the heroine: she was for once perfectly at home in her elevation. The woman was made for culinary and dairy distinction; if she would look for fame she must avoid princesses. In the diadem she develops the talents that would make her an unrivalled peasant. In disguised dignity, nature gives irresistible effect to the disguise. As a singer, we know no better instrument; she is certainly louder, though rather more expensive, than any barrel organ hitherto invented. Ambrogetti in Rospolone, the old "Man of feeling," was laughable, unwearied, and at length intolerably wearisome. He has talents for comedy, and he convulses them into caricature; he conceives no method of repaying applause but by the added contortion of every muscle in his face and frame; a laugh works him into an agony, and some time or other he will certainly be twisted to death by an *encore*. His song on the calamities of marriage was among the most fearful specimens of ambitious gesticulation ever witnessed on the stage. And yet he is a clever actor when he can condescend to think that his audience are rational, and that an opera is not a pantomime. As for the others, "*fortem Gyan, fortetque Cloanthum*," the nameless renowned, and living dead of the scene, they may be passed over with the remark, that "*Nel cor piu*," the finest air of the Opera, the star of the whole was given to be extinguished by—Signor Begrez—of all beings—*Begrez!*

But the choice of the Opera was judicious, for it was a change from Miss Hughes and Fodor to Fodor alone, and from Fodor as a dunce of quality to Fodor in her true glory as a quiet, contented, full-formed minstrel to the pleasures of eating and drinking. The Ballet was amusing. But Copere's knees got her feet hissed; those French divinities have not been long enough among us to learn that we still have some

prejudices in favour of propriety, or that a veil is not more intended for covering than a petticoat. The house was full, the entertainment on the whole striking, and the audience pleased.

DRURY LANE.—*The Bride of Abydos*. To demonstrate how possible it was to evaporate the vigorous poetry of Lord Byron into bombast, and the nervous acting of Kean into pantomime, a new play under the title of *The Bride of Abydos*, was produced here on Thursday. It is principally founded, or say confounded, on the poem so called, and the Corsair. Giaffier, the pacha of Abydos, (Mr. H. Johnston) having poignarded his brother, educates his nephew, Selim, (Mr. Kean) as his own son. Selim loves his supposed sister, Zulieka, (Mrs. Mardyn), and is glad enough to find, along with his father, who has survived the assassin's dagger, in a cave, and passes for Mirza, pirate of the Isles (Mr. Pope), that the Fair is only his cousin-german. The usurper is attacked and overthrown by the pirate hands, led by Mirza and Selim—the Haram fired—Giaffier conscience-stricken—and Zulieka saved and bestowed on Selim. There are the usual appendages to melo-dramas, of black slaves and brown, dancing and singing girls, and besides, a Timariot chief, and his page, (Mr. T. Cooke, and Mrs. Bellchambers,) who are introduced, lamely enough, to keep up the musical department. To pronounce that this piece is only a puppet-show on a gross scale would be to do it injustice, for it is long, heavy, and tiresome. If a succession of showy scenery and dresses constitutes a fine drama, Mr. Greenwood, the painter and assistants, and Miss Robinson, the "*Decoratrice*," must be allowed the merit; but if a cruel and unreasonable public requires, at the same time, the ingredients of spirited dialogue, interesting incident, and connexion of fable, such things are wanting in this compilation by Mr. Dimond and his assistants. It is mere spectacle, and destitute of every other commendable quality. The staple of Drury Lane, (both to actors and audiences prodigiously fatiguing,) exhibition of gladiatorship, is not forgotten. Not only do pantomimical underlings wrestle and fence, and strike swords by the quarter of an hour together, but even the leaders have their single combats; and H. Johnston and Kean elicit multitudes of sparks by chopping each other's weapons—the only brilliant and striking touches which we noticed in the whole play. As it is not improbable that we may offer a few further remarks on this dull farrago next week, we shall for the present leave it to the dragging existence which it will, we take it for granted, be called on to prolong for another week or two. There was nothing in the acting which claims particular praise, and no situations which drew forth peculiar talent. Even Kean, who, like the centre-bit on which a windmill is constructed, supports the Theatre, had no opportunity to distinguish himself by any

* The decision of the same Council, in regard to the reckoning of time, is also still adhered to in Russia, which has not adopted even the Gregorian approximation to accuracy.—[See *Review on Easter-Day*, in our last Number. Ed.]

thing except a change of gaudy dresses. Upon the whole, this grand tragic compound of music, dancing, dumb show, and dialogue, is a miserable and expensive waste, to confirm the degradation of the stage and weary the public. The only attempt at humour was made by Mr. Holland, as Hassan, "Governor" of the Haram; and he, not to be out of keeping, confined it to his personal appearance, which, by means of a singularly sooty face and grizzled beard, was rendered extremely entertaining, especially in a pathetic scene where Mirza discovers himself to his son, and Pope mewed over Kean like a cat over a drowned kitten. The contrast here was irresistible, and we enjoyed one hearty laugh at the Bride of Abydos.

COVENT GARDEN.—*The Illustrious Traveller*. On Tuesday a new melo-drama, but as like old melo-dramas as one pea is like another, was brought out at Covent Garden, and denominated as above with the alias, "or the Forges of Kanzel." It would be worse than folly to detail the plot of a nobleman who, like the *Stranger*, has fled from a wife he still loves, though she has ruined him by gaming, and precipitated him into a duel, where he kills his adversary, and absconds to avoid the death awarded to that offence. Suffice it to say, that he has been six years concealed near the Forges of Kanzel, to which spot at the opening of the piece the military come in pursuit of him, and chase him about, popping at him and others with their muskets in fine style, so as to resemble rabbit-shooting in a warren. At the same time arriveth his lady, who most considerably and maternally lays her child to rest on the edge of a tremendous precipice which overhangs a furious waterfall, while she goes to seek shelter at the Forges. To add to the very natural interest of this situation, a tolerable storm is got up, and the bridges, and rocks, and waterfalls, being struck with thunderbolts, are knocked into Chaos about the infant's ears. It is saved from death by its father, and recognition and reconciliation ensue. The King restores the Count to favour, and so this poor affair concludes.

Farley, as the blunt and faithful master of the Forges, Mrs. Davenport, as his clacking rib, and Liston as his pretty nephew, are knotted into an abortive attempt at humour; but there is nothing in their characters, and the whole piece is indeed of the most meagre and indifferent class.

Fazio. Mr. Millman's highly beautiful and poetical drama, entitled *Fazio*, which was published about two years ago, and has been performed at Bath with great success, was on Thursday evening transplanted to this House. Circumstances prevent our entering at large into its character as a poem, in our present Number, or into what we think the merits and demerits of the manner in which it has been adapted for the stage. While there are several points where a want of judgment is evinced—while the prolix has been preserved, and

the effective excluded—there is still so much of pathos and interest left as to demand a very high encomium. The opening scene augured but badly of the feeling with which the performers had studied their author. Unquestionably connubial endearment and no other passion ought to be evident on the drawing up of the curtain. The alchemy ought to be previously left for Bianca, and not before the audience. Similar misconceptions are observable in the progress of the piece, where sense is sacrificed for stage picture. Thus the Duke of Florence leaves his judgment-seat, and spoils one of the finest scenes further than it is injured by retaining too many of the long speeches.

—But as we set out with saying, we must defer minute criticism till our next, and be satisfied with stating that Miss O'Neill's Bianca bids fair to be one of her foremost parts. She was full of excellence, and made several strong impressions, though the general effect upon the sensibility of the audience was not so powerful as we think it may be made by judicious arrangement. Mr. Charles Kemble's Fazio is a skilful and honourable effort. Blanchard's Bartolo admirable of its kind. The reception was unanimously favourable, and without assuming the highest rank of tragic excellence, this play, which is a bright star in the firmament of modern composition, is calculated to preserve a distinguished station upon the boards of the first national theatre of England.

On Friday week, the annual dinner in aid of that most meritorious institution the Theatrical Fund, took place at Freemasons Tavern. The Duke of York was president, and a delectable enjoyment of social pleasures terminated with a handsome contribution for the decayed and failing artists, who having devoted a life to the public amusement, ought not to be left by that public to an old age of uncheered infirmity and no mimic sorrows. We have heard that the subscription amounts to about 1200l.

FOREIGN DRAMA.

THEATRE DE LA PORTE SAINT-MARTIN.

First representation of *La Brouille et le Raccoulement*, a comedy in one act.

Do the dramatic writers of the present day possess less fertility of imagination than their predecessors, or is every subject so exhausted, that nothing remains for the exercise of their invention? Without aspiring to the honour of resolving this question, we shall merely observe, that most new pieces are borrowed from old ones, as books are compiled one from another; authors were never more at their ease on this particular than at present. For instance, in the new comedy at the *Porte Saint-Martin*, the author has interwoven the plots of the *Entreuse* and the *Appartement d'une Maitresse*. By this easy process a play may be written in a very short time, and without any considerable exertion of the mind.

In the novelty entitled *La Brouille et le Raccoulement*, M. de Pontis, a young gentleman of fortune, quarrels with his wife for her gaiety and extravagance. Instead of endeavouring to reconcile them, a perfidious friend, Madame de Folleville, brings about a separation. Both unconsciously hire the same suite of apartments, in which they alternately take up their abode in each others absence.

In the meanwhile, M. Pontis, when alone, begins to experience the ennui of solitude. He knows not

Sur qui jeter sa colere;
Ah! si sa femme était là!...

At length the married couple chance to meet. Mutual astonishment, reciprocal reproaches ensue; each resolves to return home, when they suddenly recollect that they are at home. No matter! they are determined to separate. It is night, and the clock strikes twelve. At that undue hour it is impossible to go in quest of a new lodging; they must absolutely remain where they are. As anger cannot last for ever, a calm ensues: love, which is far from being extinguished, now revives; an explanation takes place, a thousand charming recollections arise, they both swear to love each other as long as they live, and the quarrel ends with a reconciliation.

The dialogue is elegant and easy, and the incidents well arranged. The audience expressed their satisfaction by loud applause. The authors are M. M. Frederic and Henri Simon.

THEATRE DE L'OPERA COMIQUE.

First representation of *L'Heritiere*, a comic opera in one act.

It is an old and invariable theatrical custom for fathers and uncles to conclude marriages between their sons or nephews, and ladies whom the latter have never set eyes on. In the new opera, however, a young gentleman himself forms the design of entering into a union of this kind, with a view to terminate certain family misunderstandings, which have been the occasion of a law suit. Count *Adolphe de Sieri* proposes that his cousin *Amelia*, whom he knows (only by reputation) to be an amiable widow, should put an end to all legal disputes by entering into a contract of marriage. But *Madame de Sieri* not only declines this conjugal arrangement, but moreover refuses to see her opponent, and, for the honour of justice, we hasten to add that the fair plaintiff lost her suit.

How can *Sieri* contrive to introduce himself to *Amelia*? He devises a singular stratagem. He dispatches a messenger to inform her that he has been killed in a duel, and as she is his sole heiress, it is necessary that she should be present at the reading of his will.

The heiress arrives at the castle in Provence, where she finds all the servants in deep mourning. She is received by *Adolphe* himself, disguised as the friend and physician of the pretended deceased; and he

soon finds means to make an impression on his cousin's heart. The will, which, seems to have anticipated this happy sympathy, imposes on the young widow the obligation of marrying *Seuri's* friend. In this case, obedience becomes an easy duty; she signs, or rather fancies she is signing the marriage contract, but it is in reality the acceptance of a considerable fortune which she had forfeited by the failure of her law-suit, and which *Adolphe* takes this opportunity of restoring to her. This act of generosity, as will readily be supposed, entirely overcomes the prejudices of *Amelia*, and Count *Adolphe* rises from the dead to be rewarded with her hand.

THEATRE DES VARIETES.

First Representation of *Pan* 1840, ou *Qui vivra verra*.

It is exactly twenty-two years ago (and our readers will be pleased to observe that, like the author of the new piece, we transport ourselves to the year 1840 to relate this story), twenty-two years ago then, on the first of January, M. de Vieubois and his friend M. Dumont, conceived and executed the design of imprisoning themselves in a retired country-house at some distance from Paris. There they resided unconscious of all that was passing in the world, and seeing no living creatures except two old servants named Germain and Nicole, who shared their solitude. What could have given rise to so singular a resolution? Vieubois was offended with his family, who had instituted a law-suit against him, and Dumont had quarrelled with his intended bride. Such occurrences were by no means unfrequent in the year of grace 1817; but at that time nobody thought of regarding them in so serious a point of view.

M. de Vieubois, however, did not vow that he would never again see his relations; he merely allowed himself twenty-two years to vent his passion, and promised to receive them in 1840. At length the first of January of that auspicious year arrives. Vieubois has entirely forgotten his resolution; but Germain, who is blessed with a better memory, secretly proceeds to Paris in quest of the family of the recluse.

In that great city he finds that every thing has undergone a change. The Palais-Royale presents an air of decorum; the Chaussee-d'Autin is deserted, and the Marais has become the region of fashion. In a word, the metamorphosis is so complete, that the wine-merchants actually sell wine, and the drivers of fiacres conduct themselves in a way very closely bordering on civility.

Henriette, M. de Vieubois' niece, is the first to pay him a visit. She is well received by her uncle, who, after a few entreaties, consents to see the rest of his relatives. They all arrive in succession, and furnish matter for several episodic scenes, in which are introduced an attorney, a physician, Captain Saint Ernest, the lover of Henriette, &c. Each of these characters present some new improvement to our astonished Epimenides. Lawyers seek to re-

concile the disputes of their clients, physicians cure their patients, and our Elegantes have ceased to adopt foreign fashions.

At length, Dumont enters, and recognizes in the companion of Henriette his beautiful Heloise, who, notwithstanding appearances, has always entertained a sincere affection for him. This is one of the prodigies of the year 1840! The union of Dumont with his faithful mistress, and that of the Captain with Henriette, form the conclusion of the piece, in conformity with the established rule of dramatic writers, who, in 1840, may perhaps find a few variations to their matrimonial *denouemens*.

We cannot certainly pledge ourselves that this piece will enjoy a career as long as its title, or that it will continue to be represented until the year 1840; yet we may safely affirm, that in 1817 many pieces have been successfully brought out which presented fewer claims to indulgence.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

For the Politics of the week any apology might suffice; for as our readers do not look to us for Parliamentary debates, we need only say, that the internal state of the country has come under partial discussion, on several motions which pointed at the production of papers, the appointment of Committees, and other parliamentary forms. The tug of senatorial war, however, has not yet arrived; and for what has passed, we are sorry to say, that it, in general, more resembles the contests of lawyers in a court of law, than the dignified deliberations of statesmen, in the first assembly of the world.

In France, the Chambers are wading through the interminable projet respecting the army.

Frigates belonging to all the European powers, have appeared on the coasts of South America.

The Duke of Wellington has arrived at Paris.

The recognizances of all the persons discharged from confinement under the Habeas Corpus suspension have been discharged, and a subscription entered into by Sir F. Burdett's party, for the relief of these men.

VARIETIES.

BOOK AUCTIONS.—In our review of Dibdin's *Bibliographica Decameron*, an error has occurred in stating that the first book auction which took place was by S. Baker, in 1744. This was only the first time which that famous auctioneer of books used his hammer; book auctions being of at least of as old standing as 1676, when the

library of Dr. Seaman was sold, and the address, prefixed to the early catalogue thereof, runs in these words: "Reader, it hath not been usual here in England to make sale of books by way of auction, or who will give most for them; but it having been practised in other countries, to the advantage of both buyers and sellers, it was therefore conceived (for the encouragement of learning) to publish the sale of these books this manner of way; and it is hoped that this will not be unacceptable to scholars: and, therefore, methought it convenient to give an advertisement concerning the manner of proceeding therein." Then follow the Conditions of Sale, &c.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.—Towards the end of the year 1817, Vesuvius began again to throw out torrents of lava; happily they fall upon ancient beds of volcanic substances round the mouths of the volcano.—(From Rome, Jan. 2.)

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JANUARY.

Thursday, 29—Thermometer from 30 to 42.

Barometer from 29, 88 to 29, 86.

Wind S. by W. and S. 1.—A sharp white frost, and very clear in the early part of the morning; the rest of the day hazy, with rain in the evening.

Friday, 30—Thermometer from 37 to 45.

Barometer from 29, 26 to 29, 14.

Wind S. by E. and S. by W. 2.—Raining hard in the morning: cumuli in general, with intervals of sun-shine, till the evening, when it became very rainy. The heavy rain of this day, and last night, are more like the heavy showers of a summer's day, than the rain of January.—Rain fallen, 225 of an inch.

Saturday, 31—Thermometer from 32 to 40.

Barometer from 29, 44 to 29, 65.

Wind W. by S. and W. 1.—The day remarkably fine and seasonable.—Rain fallen, 05 of an inch.

FEBRUARY.

Sunday, 1—Thermometer from 30 to 40.

Barometer from 29, 35 to 29, 34.

Wind S. W. 2.—A tempestuous morning, with heavy rain, and a few large flakes of snow; it suddenly became almost calm, about nine in the morning; the rest of the day clear.—Rain fallen, 125 of an inch.

Monday, 2—Thermometer from 25 to 33.

Barometer from 29, 11 to 29, 23.

Wind E. and N. 4.—A sharp white frost in the morning. Generally clear, with a haze in the horizon, through the day. Ice on water-tubs this morning, 1 of an inch thick.

Tuesday, 3—Thermometer from 22 to 34.

Barometer from 29, 31 to 29, 39.

Wind S. by W. S. by E. and N. W. 4.—The morning clear till about eleven, when much haze came on; afternoon generally cloudy, and evening quite overcast. About one a very smart fall of snow, for a few minutes, that covered the ground.

Wednesday, 4—Thermometer from 23 to 32.

Barometer from 29, 30 to 29, 45.

Wind N. E. 4.—Generally cloudy.

Latitude 51. 37. 32 N.

Longitude 3. 51 W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

White of Selborne says, the lamium purpureum, or purple archangel, flowers from Jan. 3, to Jan. 21. Phelps in May. It is now in flower with us. C. H. ADAMS.

Bensley and Sons, Bolt Court, Fleet Street,